A N

O D E,

To be performed at the

CASTLE of *DUBLIN*,

On the 1st. of *March*, being the

BIRTH-DAY

Of her most Excellent and Sacred MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE*.

By the special Command of His Grace the Duke of DORSET, Lord Lieutenant of *IRELAND*.

Set to Musick by Mr. Matthew Dubourg, *chief Composer and Master of the Musick, attending His Majesty's State in* Ireland.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCXXXVI.

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ODE

To be performed at the

CASTLE of DUBLIN,

On the 17th of March, being the

BIRTH-DAY

of her most Excellent and Sacred MAJESTY

Queen CAROLINE.

By the special Command of His Grace the Duke of
DORSET, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, at the

AN

ODE,

To be performed at the Caſtle of *Dublin*, *March* the 1*ſt*. 1735-6.

Recit. WHERE-E'ER *Hibernia*'s tuneful Lyre is Strung,
Let *Carolina*'s Birth be Sung!
By honeſt Gratitude inſpir'd,
Let every Heart be fir'd!
And with an undiſſembling Voice,
Awak'd by Duty and by Choice,
Let all the Sons of Liberty rejoice!

Duet.

Duet. Prais'd for ever be the Day!
Which propitious
To our Wiſhes,
Calls forth the Tributary Lay!
Such as it taught us firſt to meaſure
In our Hopes the growing Treaſure,
And preſerves to our poſſeſſing,
Still ſecure, the mighty Bleſſing:
Happy thus beyond expreſſing,
Ever let us hail the Day! *Da Capo.*

Air. By Faction torn, by War diſtreſs'd,
While the Nations round are waſte,
Ours is the Boaſt amid the dire Alarms
To loſe no Glory, yet ſuſpend our Arms:
'Tis ours poſſeſs'd of Halcyon Days,
Still bleſt, and happy if we pleaſe,
To ſhare the Sweets of honourable Eaſe. *Da Capo.*

Recit.

Recit. Such are the Joys from GEORGE's Hand that flow;
Such are the Joys, which Monarchs ſhould beſtow.

Such (arm'd with delegated Sway)
His Conſort kindly thro' the Land
Has ſcatter'd with unſparing Hand;
And bade the willing Realms obey.

Air. Oh Thou, whom Virtue long has ſhown,
Superior to the higheſt Throne,
And mark'd out ev'ry Grace thy own!
Thou, that haſt well enlarg'd thy Mind,
With views of Good to Human-kind!
On this poor Nation caſt thine Eye,
And hear its Orphans as they cry;
Loyal and low, She begs to ſhare
The Joys of thy parental Care. *Da Capo.*

Recit. 'Tis done — the Friend of all the much-diſtreſt
DORSET, brings Wealth, and Peace, and Reſt;

In

In Fair *Hibernia*'s unmoleſted Plains,
Whilſt He guides the gentle Reins,
Free from Strife and ſtern Debate,
How eaſie move the Wheels of State.

Duet. Mark the Train, where-e'er He paſſes!
All the Virtues, all the Graces,
Crown'd with Mercy, round him ſit,
And Humanity with Wit.
Arts beneath His Influence thriving;
Commerce once again reviving;
Peace that points to promis'd Treaſure;
True Religion link'd to Pleaſure;
Plenty on the Swain deſcending;
Glory with her Pomp attending;
And, ſtill ready at her Call;
Liberty, that guards them all. *Da Capo.*

Air.

Air. Hence! hence away with ev'ry Care
Each real and diſſembled Fear:
Hence each Murmur, baſe, unjuſt!
Meagre Envy, pale Diſtruſt!
Up to *Britain* lift the Eye,
Whence GEORGE indulgent Calms the ruffled Sky,
And CAROLINA ſends her ſofter Smile,
Diffuſing Gladneſs o'er the Weſtern Iſle. *Da Capo.*

Chor. Then let again the Lyre be Strung!
Again be CAROLINA Sung!
Prais'd for ever be the Day!
Such as it taught us firſt to meaſure
In our Hopes the growing Treaſure,
And preſerves to our poſſeſſing,
Still ſecure, the mighty Bleſſing:
Happy thus beyond expreſſing,
Ever let us hail the Day!

F I N I S.

Air. Hence! hence away with every Care
Each rend'ring dissembled Tear:
Hence each Vapour, pale, unjust
Meagre Envy, pale Discontent!
Up to Britain lift the Eye,
Whence Georgia indulgent Calms the ruffled Sky,
And Carolina lends her lofter Smile,
Diffusing Gladness o'er the Welcom Ile.

Chor. Then let again the Lyre be strung,
Again be crown'd a Song:
Prais'd for ever be the Day
Such as it taught us first to measure
In our Hopes the growing Treasure
And preserves to our posessing,
Still secure, the mighty Blessing:
Happy thus beyond expressing,
Ever hails the Day!

FINIS.

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